

THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND WILL END SATURDAY.

HER HEART'S DESIRE

BY CHARLES GARVICE

BY PERMISSION OF GEO. MUNROS, JR.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Decima Deane is loved by Lord Gaunt, a man of unswerving reputation. Gaunt, years before, had, under assumed name, married an adventuress. By bringing her brother, Martin Thorpe, he had later ended her. Under Decima's influence Gaunt reforms. Realizing that he cannot marry Decima, he leaves her and goes to London, where her brother Bobby has fallen under the influence of Thorpe and his sister. A promoter named Mershon has a hold on Decima's father.

CHAPTER II. In the Grip of Fate.

IT was as Theodore Mershon intended, Decima's invention lacked the one screw that nearly all great discoveries lack. It would not do the work expected of it because, well, there was just one trifling missing, and what that trifling was or where it was the dreamy inventor could not tell. But the great company that was to make his machines had been exploited, and into it Decima had put all of his fortune. Could it have happened at a more inopportune time! Bobby was in debt in London.

Decima could not grasp the extent of the disaster when Mershon told her that her father had lost all of his money. Gradually it wore into her mind when Bobby came home, pale, haggard, with dark rings under his eyes, with the look of a hunted animal.

Mershon pressed his suit, and, seeing how this man's money might save the dreamy old father and the loved brother, she said yes, but Mershon knew that he dare not kiss her then.

"Do you love him?" Mrs. Sherborne asked Decima as they sat alone in the gorgeous boudoir Mershon allotted his half-sister.

Decima raised her eyes heavily. "No," she said in a low voice. "Mr. Mershon knows that. He does not ask me—does not expect—he says that I shall love him after we are married."

Her voice was almost inaudible. Mrs. Sherborne's hand tightened on the girl's arm.

"After you are married," she repeated, as if she were half terror-stricken. "Oh, you do not now what you are saying! You do not know what it means. You are too innocent—too ignorant, Decima, if you do not love him now you will hate him after you are married."

Decima uttered a low cry and attempted to rise, but Mrs. Sherborne's hand forced her back into her chair.

"Do you think that is too strong, that it is unjust?" continued the strained voice. "It is not, I know him; you do not. There is no cruelty he would not be capable of. My poor child, he could make life a hell for you—and he would do it!"

Decima felt that she must see Aunt Pauline. She needed this strong, kind old woman, who had brought her up, to mother her. She would understand and guide her. Her father's scars headed her good-by, or understood that she was going to London. When she arrived Aunt Pauline was out of town, and so Decima went to the chambers Lord Gaunt had loaned to Bobby. Her brother was not there, but she said she would wait, and the maid brought some tea and made her comfortable.

Yes; the room was eloquent of him. She got round to the mantelshelf at last. It was too crowded with bric-a-brac; but one thing among them attracted and chained her attention.

It was a portrait, a cabinet photograph, of a woman's face and bust. It was a beautiful face; more than beautiful, fascinating.

Who was it? Some friend of Bobby's—or Lord Gaunt's? While the photograph was in her hand, she heard the hall door open, and she raised her head, listening expectantly.

Steps came along the hall, a hand turned the handle of the door.

"Bobby," she almost exclaimed aloud; and she put the photograph hurriedly, face downward, upon the mantelshelf, and went to meet him with a smile on her face.

The door opened, and a tall figure in a fur coat entered. It was too tall for Bobby, but for a moment she did not recognize him, then, as he turned from closing the door and presented his face to her, she saw that it was Lord Gaunt.

She shrunk back, her outstretched arms falling to her side, pale.

"I came to see Bobby," she said.

He looked round.

"He is not here?"

"No," she said, "he is out. He is coming back presently. May say. Where have you come from? Does he expect you?"

Decima looked at him and saw more plainly, as the firelight played on his face, how worn and haggard he looked.

"Have you been ill?" she asked, timidly.

"Ill? No," he replied. He raised his head and glanced at her. He scarcely dared to look long at her, lest the desire to take her in his arms should get the better of him.

"And—and you? You look—you are thinner, paler. Have you been ill?"

"Father has been in great trouble."

"Trouble?" he repeated intently. "What trouble?"

"He has lost a great deal of money, and at first we thought, we feared that. But it does not matter now."

Her voice was very still and subdued. "It is all over now, all put straight."

"I am glad," he said, "and yet sorry that I hadn't a hand in getting rid of the trouble. Are you sure that it is past—done with?"

"Yes, quite," she said in the same still voice.

"How did your father come to lose this money?" asked Gaunt.

"I don't quite know. It was through some speculation—something to do with one of his inventions. Mr. Mershon and he started a company, I think."

"Mershon?" Gaunt started and looked at her earnestly. "Was he in it? How did he—ah, I remember! And your father lost his money? I can well believe it! I don't know much of Mr. Mershon, but I should say."

"I am going to be his wife," she said in a low voice.

Gaunt did not move for a moment, but sat like one suddenly turned to stone. Then his face broke up, as it were, and he rose and stood before her.

"Child!" he caught her in an iron grip—"do you know—realize—what it is you are doing? Marry Mershon! You!"

His grasp hurt her; but she made no attempt to release her arm as she looked up at him piteously and with faint surprise.

"Why—why are you so angry with me?" she faltered.

"How could I help it? He said that if I married him he would pay this money, and—help Bobby. And—and I said 'Yes' at last. I could not have taken this money from him without—he would not have given it. And—and it does not matter what becomes of me so that they are safe and—and happy."

She looked up at him, at his set face and gleaming eyes, with a questioning terror.

"Why—why are you so angry? Why do you care so?" she faltered.

A shudder ran through him, and the set rigidity of his face relaxed, melted, so to speak.

"My God, child, don't you know?" he said hoarsely. "In her innocence she drew a little nearer to him."

"Is it because you—like me, because we have been such friends, that you are so sorry for me?" she said. "Perhaps—"

She stopped and smiled, a woful little smile.

"Go on! Speak from your heart; hide nothing from me!" he commanded, insisted, hoarsely.

"Perhaps if I had come to you—and told you of our trouble you would have married me," she said, simply. "I—I think you like me, Lord Gaunt. And I could not have taken the money unless—I had been your wife, could I?"

A groan broke from his white lips. Fate was too many for him. He had fled from temptation, but temptation is fleet of foot and it had overtaken him and had got him under its heel.

"I love you!" His voice broke on hers fiercely. "I love you, Decima. I have loved you from the beginning. No man ever loved any woman as I love you. You are the life of my life, the soul of my soul. Every thought is of you. You hold my heart in the hollow of your hands. It was because I loved you passionately, madly, that I left you—fled from you!"

Lord Gaunt stopped for breath and caught Decima's other hand and gripped it fast, as if he feared she would be torn from him there and then.

"I am glad," she responded with innocent abandon. "That is right!" he said. "And you shall never regret it, dearest—never! While I live I will spend every hour in making you happy. You believe that—you trust me?"

"Yes," she breathed. "But think! Am I fit to be your wife?"

The word fell like a bolt from the blue. His wife! His face went white.

"We must go away together," he said, hoarsely. "There—there will be some fuss and—and stir. We—we will go—to Egypt, to Cairo!"

"Shall we be married there?" she asked, her innocent eyes on his face.

"Suppose—I ask you to come with me without being married?" he said, desperately. "Suppose there is some reason—why—why—we could not be married—like other persons? Would you risk—dare—all? Would you trust me and—and come with me?"

She looked up at him with no fear in her eyes, nothing but a faint surprise.

"I would go anywhere with you," she said. "I could not refuse." She drew a long breath and smiled up at him.

"And why should I not? If we cannot be married we can be friends, just as we have been at Leafmore. I was very happy there—ah, very happy! And I should see you every day, should I not? Perhaps Bobby could go with us. But I cannot not. He could not leave his work, could he, even for a time?"

Before her absolute innocence Gaunt quailed.

Aunt Pauline's system had been very thorough. He bit his lip, and for the first time his eyes fell before her pure gaze. Mechanically he took up the portrait, lying face downward, and was putting it down again, when, as mechanically, he glanced at it.

He did not start, uttered no cry, but he stood stock still and stared at the beautiful face of the silver frame as if he had suddenly fallen under a spell. Gradually a deathly pallor spread over his face, his eyes became distended.

"Who—what?" broke from his set lips.

Decima had turned to leave the room. She came back to him and looked over his shoulder.

"That portrait? Whose is it?" she asked.

"It is my wife," he said, as a man speaks in his sleep. She shrunk back from him as if he had struck her.

"Your—wife?"

The words were scarcely audible, and yet to him they seemed to ring through the room.

He still gazed at the face. How did it come there? What juggling fiend had conjured the thing up to confront him with it at this moment—the moment of his life?

"Your—wife?" Decima repeated, and she shrunk a step further away from him.

"My wife!" he said hoarsely, still staring at it. Then he lifted his eyes heavily, slowly, and looked at her, looked and realized that he had spoken aloud, that he had told her.

With an oath he flung the portrait into the fireplace. It fell with a crash as the glass and frame were shattered on the tiles; then he stretched out his hands toward her.

"Your wife! Then—then it is not I you love—you cannot! It is she!"

"Love her?" He laughed with fierce bitterness. "You don't know what you say. Love? I hate, I loathe her!"

A cry broke from her lips.

"But she is your wife?"

"Decima," he began again; then suddenly he stopped. There was a sound in the corridor. A voice, a woman's voice, said in clear, metallic tones:

"Thanks; don't trouble. I know the way. I will go in and wait until he comes in."

At the sound of the voice Gaunt started and looked over his shoulder as if his senses were playing some fiendish trick on him.

Decima heard the voice, the words, but she did not move. "God! it is she!" broke from his white lips.

He caught Decima's arm, but stood as if paralyzed for a moment, then he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Go—that room!" and dashed open the door half led, half dragged her into the adjoining room. Then he closed the door and stood with his back to it, and—waited!

(To Be Continued.)

YOU CAN LEARN TO SWIM

on the Coney Island Life-Ropes.

BY CAPT. TOM RILEY, CONEY ISLAND LIFE-SAVER.



CAPT. TOM RILEY, before starting out to try the first stroke.

The first swimming lesson is really the most important. A beginner should enter the water without fear and go in determined to learn. Water which is waist deep is the best for the novice, and the muscles should be relaxed. The word fell like a bolt from the blue. His wife! His face went white.

zontally on the water, the back being slightly hollowed. In the leg movements the feet are drawn up toward the body, the toes are then turned outward, the legs spread wide apart and then brought sharply together in a straight line with the body ready for the next stroke. It is from the leg stroke that the propelling power is chiefly obtained, for the arms are, with the experts, used, in addition to pulling, for steering and balancing the body in such a position as to make use of as much motive power as possible.

It is always best to learn the leg stroke first, for the arm movements, which are less important, can be cultivated quite easily without assistance, whereas the acquirement of a good leg stroke at the outset of a man's swimmer's career is a matter of great importance.

At all the seaside resorts the bathing beaches are provided with life lines, and pupils when in water waist deep can get hold of the rope and practice the leg movement.

A POPULAR BLOUSE.

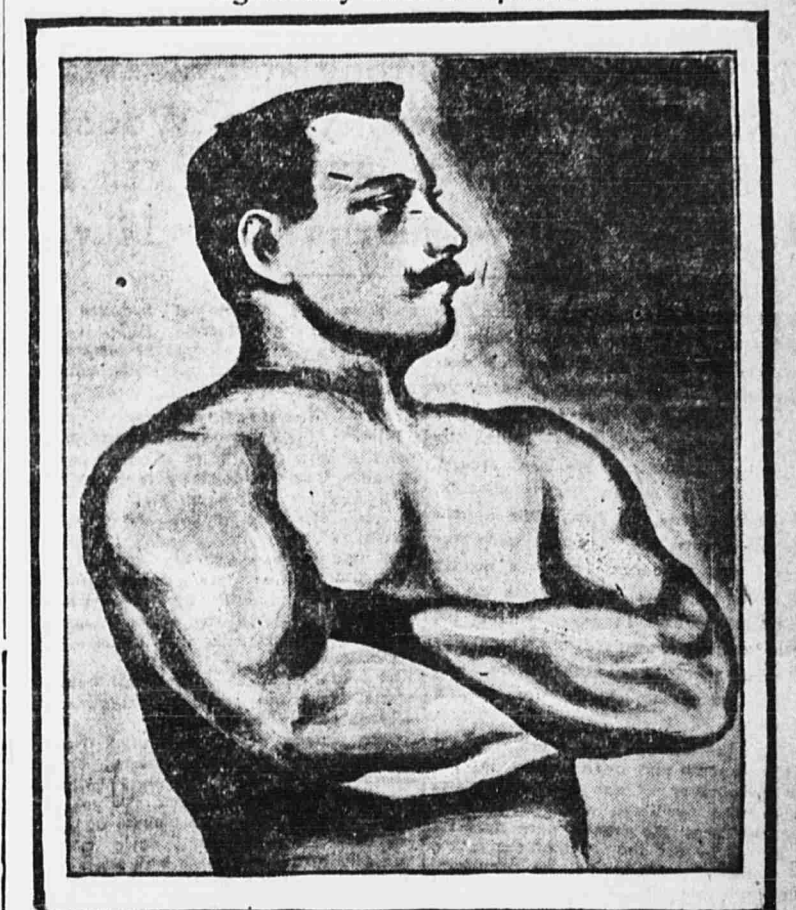


This pattern (No. 4384) represents one of the popular blouses, and can be made with the smart little capes, as shown, or without them, finished with the stole. The original is made of taffeta, with the stole of embroidery in black and white. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 3/4 yards 21, 4 3/4 yards 27, 2 3/4 yards 44, or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

Pattern 4384, in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 or 40 inch bust measure, mailed for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pultzer Building, New York City."

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD."

Raimond Walter, Who Won the Vienna Beauty Contest, Defeating Seventy-three Competitors.



This is Raimond Walter, of the Vienna Athletic Club, winner of the famous Austrian beauty contest just concluded. A jury of artists, doctors and anatomists was impelled to decide who was the most beautiful man in the world. Out of seventy-three competitors they chose Walter. That meant that his features an limbs most nearly met the requirements of classic beauty, demanding intellectuality and symmetry. An American manager has offered him \$100 a day to exhibit himself in the United States as the "handsomest man in the world." He has been pestered by photographers. All the matrimonial as well as business offers he has been obliged to refuse. His term of military service is soon to start, and then the handsomest man will be a part of the Austrian army.

In making the award the jury called attention to the fact that none of the candidates had possessed perfect harmony of head, body and limbs. It was noted as an interesting fact that most of the competitors were about thirty years of age, thus showing that age to be the best calculated to show man in his prime of physical development. The competitors were of various occupations.

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Danderine makes the hair feel like unwoven silk. It produces that silky and glossy effect so much admired. It cleanses, cools and stimulates properties, just what the scalp needs, and it is the only hair remedy ever made that will positively produce healthy, attractive and natural growth. NOW at all druggists; three sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO.

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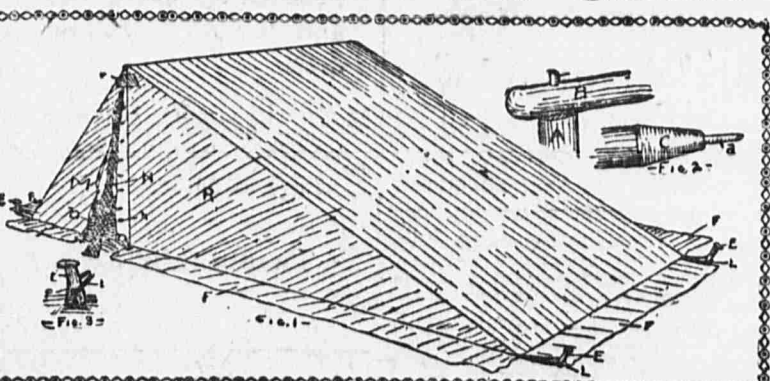
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BRIGHTON Great Acts—Minstrel & Seats BEACH. Beach, Gilbert's Musical. Every Evening. Fare 50c. Richmond Clearing, etc.

A HOME-MADE SHELTER TENT.



This is how we made a shelter tent when camping last summer, says W. B. Stout in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune:

It was but four feet high at the higher part—the head end—so that it was only used for sleeping.

To lessen expenses we made our tent from old sheets, which we painted, when the tent was done, to make them waterproof.

First sew two widths of this cloth or canvas together edge to edge, making a rectangle of canvas about ten by six feet. Then sew a clothes line to the corners of the canvas all around the edges, however, a loop at each corner about four feet long, this loop being securely fastened to the canvas at the corners and reinforced with small pieces of cloth so that the corners of the cloth will not tear in stretching the tent.

As long as the strip of cloth prepared is wide, and with a small hole bored three inches from each end, through which the nails (a) project to hold it in place, as shown in Fig. 2.

The canvas is now strung over the sticks A and B and fastened with stakes driven from one end of the tent. The sticks A, however, should be driven into the ground so that a bare four feet sticks out above the ground.

A second piece of canvas, shown in Fig. 3, is now prepared, about four and a half feet wide, and as long as your tent is on the ground.

This is cut in the shape shown so that the piece K fits the side of the tent, to which it is now sewed, care being taken that there are no holes left in the joint for the mosquitoes to crawl through.

The pieces M and R are turned about and sewed to the other side of the tent, leaving a door where they join.

After the piece R is sewed in place it is fastened to the ground at its lower corner by a stake as shown, driven through a loop of clothes line sewed in the corner. Six or eight inches of this piece, however, is allowed to lie on the ground on which dirt will be piled at night to make the tent mosquito proof around the bottom. This is done on both sides and ends, the flap being shown at F.

The door itself is made mosquito proof by sewing a flap on the upright edge of the piece R, this flap being filled with buttonholes into which buttons (b) on the piece M button from the inside.